

*The Chronicle History*

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.

*King.* Go call him hither.

*Flew.* I will and it shall please your maiesty.

*King.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,  
The gloue he weares, it was the foldiers:  
It may be there will be harme betweene them.  
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,  
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:  
And quickly will returne an iniury.  
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the  
Soldier.*

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu  
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you  
Then you can dreame of.

*Soul.* Do you heare, you sir,  
Do you know this gloue?

*Flew.* I know the gloue is a gloue.

*Soul.* Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him.*

*Flew.* Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,  
He giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwick, Clarence,  
and Exeter.*

*King.* How now? Whats the matter?

*Flew.* And it shall please your maiesty,  
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light.  
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.  
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,  
Which your maiesty in person  
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:  
And your maiesty will beare me witness,

And

*of Henry the fift.*

And testimonies, and auouchments,  
That this is the gloue.

*Soul.* And it please your maiesty,  
That was my gloue.

He that I gaue it to in the night,  
Promised me to weare it in his hat:  
I promised to strike him if he did.

I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,  
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.

*Flew.* Your Maiesty heares,  
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,  
What a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.

*King.* Let me see thy gloue.  
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.  
It was I indeede you promised to strike.  
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,  
How canst thou make vs amends?

*Flew.* Let his necke answer it,  
If there be any marshals law in the worrell.

*Soul.* My Liege,  
All offences come from the heart:  
Neuer came any from mine  
To offend your Maiesty.  
You appeard to me but as a common man:  
Witness the night, your garments,  
Your lowliness; and whatsoever  
You receiued vnder that habite,  
I beseech your maiesty, impute it  
To your owne fault, and not to mine.  
For your selfe came not like your selfe:  
Had you bene as you seemed then to mee,  
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,  
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

*King.* Vnkle, fill the gloue with Crownes,  
And giue it to the souldier.  
Weare it fellow,

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And